

THE  
SABBATH SCHOOL REPOSITORY,  
AND  
Teacher's Assistant.

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"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT."

No. 7.

JULY, 1823.

VOL. I.

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THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

IN SIX DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.—ASENATH AND JOSEPH.

ASENATH.\*

JOSEPH ! my honour'd Lord, of late I've seen,  
Your thoughtful countenance and alter'd mien ;  
Much I suspect your mind on Canaan runs,  
Your father Jacob, and his num'rous sons ;  
Oft the same objects my own thoughts engage,  
And chiefly Jacob's far advancing age.  
Rachel, it seems, his first beloved bride,  
You told me, at her second labour, died.  
I twice that painful, joyful hour have known,  
Yet still survive to call my lord my own.  
Your life is sure, through heav'n's unchanged decree,  
But all precarious is respecting me ;  
I, though enjoying now your glory's height,  
Yet fear I may not share your chief delight,  
Nor live to see that hoary patriarch's face  
With tears suffused, in his dear son's embrace,  
While our Manasseh and our Ephraim view  
The aged saint, and ask his blessing too :  
Tl at saint who once beheld, in dreams divine,  
A ladder earth with distant heav'n conjoin ;  
Emblem of God's mysterious plan of grace,

\* Asenath was the daughter of the Priest of On ; she was married to Joseph soon after he was made " ruler over all the land of Egypt." See Genesis, xli. 45.

To raise above the skies our fallen race;  
 Him would I gladly see before I die,  
 Receive his blessing, and partake thy joy;  
 Hear from his lips, what thou hast often told,  
 His labours while he tended Laban's fold;  
 How God in human form he met again,  
 And wrestled all night long on Paniel's plain;  
 His benediction he obtain'd, and then  
 Boldly met Esau with four hundred men;  
 God changed to love his rancour when they met,  
 And made with tears each other's bosoms wet.  
 Your alter'd brethren too I long to see;  
 Now permanently reconciled to thee,  
 That God who soften'd my Egyptian heart,  
 Can to them all his sovereign grace impart;  
 Then shall they joy to see his will fulfill'd,  
 And him exalted whom they would have kill'd:  
 Bowing to you, their soul to him shall bow,  
 Who then preserved you, and upholds you now.  
 Your father has, for more than twenty years,  
 Doubtless oft drench'd his restless couch with tears;  
 Or, while he slept, he seem'd his son to view,  
 Rent and devour'd: or, could your dreams be true,  
 Seized, Stripp'd, and bound by some wild roving band,  
 And dragg'd, to slav'ry in a distant land.

Long since I urg'd my dearest lord to send  
 To Canaan some wise confidential friend,  
 Who might explore the Patriarch's present state,  
 And hint to him, at least, thy happier fate.  
 My lord, indeed, objected to my plan,  
 'That God's designs need not the aid of man;  
 Yet you, in other cases, use to own,  
 That means are ours, success is God's alone.

And now the famine long has spread around  
 Through distant lands, and this my native ground;  
 Favour divine has granted, it is true,  
 Against this judgment, rich relief through you:  
 Egypt, for years to come, hath ampler store  
 Than all her myriads can exhaust, yea more  
 Than neighb'ring countries can afford to buy;  
 Thanks be to him who dwells enthroned on high!

But your dear father's family, increased  
Perhaps to more than sixty souls, at least,  
May sorely suffer, for the want of bread,  
What your kind heart to realize would dread.  
Your filial piety to me is known ;  
I gladly your superior judgment own,  
Yet may not caution carry you too far !  
God in your way has interposed no bar,  
No prohibition giv'n, one step to move  
For his relief, whom you so dearly love.  
His years of mourning deep impression make  
Upon a heart that loves him for your sake :  
And the young infants, in this pinching time,  
None of them sharing in their parents' crime,  
And Benjamin, your mother's last-born son,  
Whom, for her sake, your father dotes upon :  
All these affect my mind, and make me feel  
Anxious solicitude about their weal.  
Your own benevolence would never make,  
Save for their good, your brethren's hearts to ache ;  
Their envy and their malice pow'r divine  
Has made subserve your happiness and mine :  
Great was their guilt, but greater was his grace,  
Who guided Joseph into my embrace.

## JOSEPH.

My Asenath ! my loving faithful bride ;  
More highly prized than ev'ry boon beside  
Egypt could yield, or her great monarch give,  
Heav'n grant that thou with Joseph long may'st live !  
Thy love to Jacob, who to thee is known  
By information from myself alone,  
And to the great Jehovah whom he serves,  
My warm affection and esteem deserves ;  
But none whose mind with confidence relies  
On one supremely great, supremely wise,  
Needs hurry him his promise to fulfil,  
But well may wait submissive to his will ;  
Convinc'd that God's own time and way are best,  
Attend to duty—leave to God the rest.  
Be his commands implicitly obey'd ;



He that can trust him need not be afraid,  
Though lightnings flash, and rattling thunders sound;  
And desolations compass him around.

Abram, my ancestor, when he received  
The promise of a son, the word believed;  
Yet God was pleased the blessing to withhold;  
Till he and Sarah both were grown so old,  
That *her* faith stagger'd by this long delay,  
And she began to think no other way  
Remain'd for its accomplishment, but one  
Of her devising, to obtain a son.  
Her crooked policy she tried, and then  
Quickly repented of her scheme again.  
Firm to his word the God of truth remain'd,  
And gave him Isaac, at the time ordain'd:  
Yet after this, his faith again he tried,  
And Abraham with God's command complied.  
He told not Sarah of the test severe,  
(But strong in faith he yielded not to fear,)  
Lest she no more her darling son should see,  
Whose great descendant Lord of all should be:  
Early he rose;—to mount Moriah went,  
Upon the awful sacrifice intent;  
With his own hands an altar there he made,  
Thereon the billets in due order laid,  
And then proceeded his dear son to bind,  
Who meekly to his God himself resign'd.  
Prepared he stood, th' injunction to obey,  
Resolved his son, his only son to slay;  
His arm the father rais'd—when from the skies  
A voice calls, Abrah'm! 'Here I am,' he cries;  
'Lay not thy hand upon the youth,' he said,  
'But sacrifice that ram in Isaac's stead.'  
He look'd;—and lo! the victim, by his horns,  
Was held entangled midst some neighb'ring thorns:  
The joyful sire with speed his son released,  
And thankfully the great Supreme they bless'd;  
The substitute instead of Isaac died:  
The father, whose obedience thus was tried,  
'Jehovah Jireh' nam'd the mountain, where  
The Lord did thus surprisingly appear.

Before her twins were born, Rebecca heard,  
From God's own mouth, the sure prophetic word,  
Which fix'd the blessing in my father's line,  
And ascertain'd the purposes divine ;  
He and his mother both mistook their way,  
And went through carnal policy astray.  
The blessing was not forfeited, it's true,  
But countless troubles from that step ensue.

When first I came to Egypt, God was there  
To prosper me in ev'ry fresh affair ;  
But, when my rigid virtue brought on me  
Female resentment, and much misery,  
At first expell'd my master's house, and chain'd,  
And then in durance vile for years detain'd,  
(Although fair promises the Butler gave,  
Two years he left me an imprison'd slave,)  
Nor God nor man afforded me relief,  
I sometimes sunk in melancholy grief ;  
I found my trust in heaven severely tried,  
While God his cheering face appear'd to hide ;  
I felt the iron penetrate my soul,  
And scarcely could my unbelief control ;  
Till Pharaoh's order gave me liberty,  
The ruler sent and set the pris'ner free :  
Then was I glad I patiently had stay'd  
For him whose mercy was no more delay'd.

And now, my Asenath, I count it best  
To wait for God, and on his word to rest ;  
My brethren's hearts he knows, and he can bless  
To them this present season of distress.  
I wish them humbled only for their good,  
Or prompt relief I'd send them if I could.

Hereafter God a written rule may grant,  
No new suggestions then his saints will want ;  
But now, without some notice of his will,  
'Tis my incumbent duty to be still ;  
He never yet has fail'd me,—and I must  
Still place in him my most implicit trust :  
And strongly I forebode the time draws near,  
And I shall shortly see my brethren here.

[*The second Dialogue will appear in our next number.*]

## POWER OF GRACE.

"Youth, when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes;  
A flower though offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

"Tis easier work if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes,  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd by their crimes."

Departed this life at New-Castle, (Del.) on Wednesday the 16th ult. Archibald Alexander Little, aged five years and three months. This lovely boy was one with whom it may with truth be said, "he was sanctified from the womb." The first lisplings, from his infant voice, were those of devotion; and as his tender mind unfolded, each opening leaf became inscribed with love to God, and delight in his holy word. From infancy he manifested a contemplative and reflective disposition, which shunning the noisy mirth and childish amusements peculiar to his age, he sought enjoyment in higher objects, of a purer nature. Although he was fond of, and ever disposed to listen to religious instruction, yet during the last twelve months his religious affections and habits assumed a more decided character. His deep sensibility for sin, has often discovered itself by the melting softness which dissolved his little heart in floods of sorrow, whenever his lost and guilty condition, as a sinner, was represented to him. This was remarkably evident during the last fast day. His parents had been explaining to their children the nature, use and duties of the day, and representing the propriety of abstaining from food on those days, and spending it in prayer and humiliation. With this conversation he was deeply affected, and wept much. His brother, (about seventeen months younger than himself,) not being inclined to abstain from food, asked for something to eat, and being so young a child his request was complied with; turning to his brother for one moment he cast a wishful glance at his food, but as if suddenly recollecting himself (for no one spoke to him) he uttered a piercing cry, threw himself into his mother's arms



where he wept and sobbed excessively ; after this no persuasions could persuade him to eat through that day, and it really appeared a conscientious abstinence. Thus early, can the heart of a child feel and perform its duty when the Holy Spirit impresses truth with his irresistible power. His delight in prayer was no less remarkable; than his sense of sin, and often has his little soul poured forth its breathings in his own infant manner, which, as if taught by the God of prayer, was generally in the language of scripture. This was remarkably the case during his last illness, when one day being extremely restless in a burning fever, his mother inquired, "my dear, do you want to say your prayers?"—"No Ma'am," plaintively replied the little sufferer. "But (said the mother) do you not want to pray out of your own heart?" "Oh yes," replied he, and putting his little hands together with uplifted eyes, in his uncommonly solemn and devout tone of voice, he breathed forth "O Lord? create in me a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit." His ardent love for the word of God was so constant and unwavering, that all who noticed it were struck with its fervour. Never for one moment was his attention diverted, when reading to him the word of God. Frequently when reading the story of the Shunamite, the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, the Annunciation of the nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, or any of those inimitable narratives and Parables, so calculated to touch the finer feelings, he was dissolved in a torrent of softness, and would weep as deeply as though intimately connected with the scenes there represented. His reverence for, and delight in the Sabbath, was another striking trait in his lovely character. Every Saturday evening he carefully laid aside his play-things, and as carefully removed his brother's, remarking, "brother, to-morrow is the Sabbath, we must remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." His deep solicitude for his little brother had in it something so tender and touching, that no one could behold it unmoved. He would watch by him when the hour of prayer arrived, and if he manifested any reluctance to the duty, which was sometimes the case, he would hang over him with a tenderness so impressive, and exhort him to engage in it soo feelingly, no language can describe it; and when he saw this little brother do any thing wrong, he

would plead for his pardon, or weep if he were corrected, as though himself alone was guilty. That beautiful Tract, "The two Lambs," he was particularly fond of, and never heard it read, or alluded to without tears. Frequently would he observe, "I am Peace, I want to stay in the pleasant pastures and lay in the Shepherd's bosom," but brother is "Inexperience," for the goats, who are wicked people, will entice him away from the fold. The narrative of "Dinah Dowdney," likewise affected him very much: he requested his name might be written in it, and that it might be put up carefully for him. Thus on every occasion did this loving boy shew forth his love to that Jesus who "suffers little children to come unto him and forbids them not."—*Christ. Repos.*

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## THOUGHTS ON READING.

To the Editor of the Sunday Scholars' Magazine.

SIR,

I have been long convinced of the necessity for a periodical publication adapted to the use of Sunday-scholars, and I hail the appearance of the Sunday Scholars' Magazine, as a token of good for the rising generation. I am a great friend to Sunday schools, and am fond of children. Having none of my own, I wish to gratify the best feelings of my heart, as well as to glorify God, by endeavouring to train up the children of others "in the way they should go," so that "when they are old, they may not depart from it."

It is now about seven years since I first became a visitor to a Sunday school; and I can most truly say, that each succeeding year has increased my attachment to the institution, as well as my Christian love to the children under my care. I am a friend to the instruction of youth, with all its attendant spiritual blessings; I am a friend to that simplicity which is characteristic of childish years; I am a friend to every thing which can benefit the young in the affairs of this life, and, above all, a friend to their immortal souls. I trust they will give me credit for speaking the truth when I say these things; and, if so, I shall then have some hope of their



serious attention to my imperfect labours for their good, through the medium of your Magazine, if God shall be pleased to spare my life.

Reading is calculated to improve the soul ; but it is also calculated to destroy it. Perhaps my young friends may not understand this, and I will therefore explain it to them. If the world was supplied only with good books, there would then be no danger in reading ; but there have been, and are, many bad and foolish men ; these men have published many bad and hurtful books ; and sometimes under very ensnaring titles.

It is therefore advisable that young men should ask either their parents or instructors, for directions in the choice of books ; and by no means read every book that comes in their way. I think it dangerous for youth to read novels or romances, because they contain little beside falsehood, or what is calculated to fix our affections on earthly things ; and if it be a sin to tell a pestilent untruth, it is a sin to spend our time in reading one.

But I would hope that none who read your Magazine, are in the habit of reading books of an evil tendency ; and my main object at this time is, to give a few directions to young persons, respecting the manner in which they ought to read good books. When you, dear children, read the Sunday Scholar's Magazine, or any other good book, always read every part of it at least twice over ; this you must do in order to impress the contents upon your mind ; for, remember, if you do not strive to recollect what you read, you had better not read at all ; because you might employ your time in doing something better.

Never pass over any sentence without completely understanding every part of it. If there be some word or part, of which you do not understand the meaning, ask those who you think can tell you ; only remember to ask in a modest manner.

Strive to understand the design of every author whose works you read. If you neglect this, you are in danger of making a writer appear to contradict himself. I will give you an example,—The Bible was written by different people at different times, but it was all written under the guidance

and influence of one spirit, 'God the Holy Ghost;' and therefore cannot contradict itself. Now the Apostle Paul (Romans iii. 28. Gal. ii. 16, &c.) says that we are justified by faith only, and not by the deeds of the law. St. James, on the other hand, (James ii. 14, 26.) shews us how we are justified by works, and not by faith only. A person reading these passages without considering the different object of the Apostles, would be ready to suppose there was a contradiction. But it is not so. *Before God*, faith alone, without any works of our own, is the instrument of our justification. But then this faith is a "lively faith," that is to say, a faith which works in the life; and is shown by kind actions to our fellow-creatures. Therefore, if we do not perform any of these kind actions, nobody will know whether we be true Christians; and therefore it is only by these actions that we can be accounted *justified before men*.

Whenever you read the Bible, remember that it is God's book; and that God alone can enable you to understand that which he has caused to be written. Always pray, therefore, for the same Holy Spirit to guide you in the reading of it, which inspired holy men to write it. You should read a portion of the Bible every day of your life; two or three chapters, or more; and take a great deal of care and pains in reading it.

Never venture to read any book without desiring that God would bless the perusal of it to your soul. If you do not pray for such a blessing, it is as much as to tell God, that you can, for once do without his assistance.

These, Mr. Editor, are some of the chief observations I am desirous your faithful readers should attend to. I hope they will bear them in mind; and, as a proof of their attention, I trust they will read this paper twice over, which, however imperfect in its execution, is written with a sincere desire for their good, by one whose wish it is to prove himself

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE ROCK MERIBAH;

OR THE BEST OF MEN IMPERFECT.

*Numbers xx. 11.*

“ And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice, and the water came out abundantly ; and the congregation drank, and their beasts also.”

‘ In vain we boast perfection here  
While sin defiles our frame.’

Of all created objects, that we know, the sun is the most bright and glorious ; yet his brightness is not perfect. Any careful observer may, with a proper glass, discover some dark spots on the face of this bright luminary. It is thus in the character of good men ; while they display brilliant examples of devotedness to God, they furnish also striking proofs of human fallibility and imperfection ; of faults which are directly opposed to the graces for which they were justly celebrated. The faithful Abraham was not wholly free from unbelief, nor the patient Job from impatience. Moses was one of the best, if not the very best of mere men, but he was not faultless : he fails on the side of his greatest excellency ; he is found weak where he seemed most strong. The man Moses was meek above all men, yet once his natural temper was so much provoked, that he spake unadvisedly, angrily, with his lips, and thus greatly offended the blessed God.

The verse at the head of this paper is a part of the history of that transaction in which this fault of Moses occurred. After having been supported by divine power and goodness for 38 years in a barren wilderness, the Israelites, on the approach of a new trial, still murmured against the Lord, and against Moses his servant. When we consider how kind and good Moses had always been to this people ; how he gave up all earthly prospects out of love to them ; how tenderly he treated them, and how often by his prayers he saved them from destruction ; we cannot wonder that this



good man should be deeply wounded by their cruel ingratitude towards him. It is indeed wonderful that he should have been sinfully angry only once during the provocations of almost forty years ; and this shews what divine grace can do for those in whom it eminently dwells. Yet we must not excuse sin even once, for we find the blessed God will not excuse it, even in his dearest children. The exalted rank and office of Moses seemed to demand also some peculiar mark of God's displeasure.

But what had the good man done to displease God ? The Lord commanded him to "speak" to the rock that it should bring forth water, but Moses was not exact in his obedience ; he "smote the rock twice," in evident anger against the people. He also called the people "rebels," an harsh expression, which he ought to have suppressed. He, together with Aaron, seemed also to take some glory to himself when he said, "Must *we* fetch you water out of the rock !" Thus this good man failed in his meekness and in his usual exactness of obedience ; he also failed to give all the honour and glory of the miracle to God ; and for the failings of this hour, (so holy is the Lord, and so jealous of his own glory,) Moses was forbidden to enter the earthly Canaan, and died in the wilderness.

All of us, and especially children, should learn how sinful it is to let our angry passions rise. What trifling things often throw persons into a violent passion, and while we regret this one fault in good Moses, we ought deeply to repent of a thousand greater in ourselves. But we must also learn to "put off anger," and to subdue it by the grace of God, or we can never be the followers of Jesus Christ. Cain in a fit of anger killed his brother, and became miserable for ever. Many children have in a violent passion committed injuries on their companions that could never be recalled. Many, dear children, have thus lost an eye, or a limb, and even life itself. Let children dread this evil passion, and when they find it rising in their hearts, turn away from those that provoke them, and think of the Saviour, who, when he "was reviled, reviled not again." Nothing is so amiable as meekness ; and nothing so dreadful as rage and passion.

Again, children should learn how wicked it is to rejoice when they see a good man act in any instance contrary to

his general character. Good Moses lamented all his life afterwards the fault of one day ; but that single fault, like a spot in the sun, did not destroy the general brightness and usefulness of his character, though it teaches us that no flesh can glory in the divine presence, and that the best of men need mercy, and can be saved only by grace.

But shall we not also admire and adore the power and goodness of God, who rather than suffer his people to perish, will turn the flinty rock into a fountain, and cause it to send forth streams of water ? Neither the guilty murmurings of an ungrateful people, nor the occasional rashness of Moses and Aaron, prevent the overflowings of divine mercy. "Who is a God like unto him, pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin ?" God will judge the world, but forbearance shall be exercised that men may repent ; he will chasten his people, but he will not forsake them. The miracle of Meribah is a fine illustration of the Scripture, "Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters !" The want of water is not a slight affliction in a dry and thirsty land. Death was raging through the camp, and in a few hours without this supply three millions of corpses would have been stretched on the earth. God in mercy passes by the ingratitude of his people, and the Anger of Moses, at the stroke of whose rod rivers gush from the lofty rock. The lowing beasts hear the trickling stream, and joyful lift their heads to catch the boon of heaven. Tender mothers, whose withered arms had suffered their infants to sink from their caresses, haste, if possible, by one exertion to obtain a draught of the vital fluid, to recal to life their dying babes. Joy inexpressible pervades the extended camp, and death retires as the living stream advances ; while many an affectionate and dutiful son is employed to form some smaller channel through which the water of life shall be taught to flow by the tent in which lies a parent too much enfeebled to visit the smitten rock. How different was the evening from the morning of this day ! and how many succeeding days were from this enriched ! for these streams, it appears, followed the tribes through the remainder of their journeyings.

But all *our* days are thus enriched ; we are fed with the finest of the wheat, and the clearest springs of water flow for our sustenance and refreshment. And ought we to be less

thankful for his mercy because in our happy land it is constant and uninterrupted? We prize our mercies too little, because we know not the want of them; "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!"

Finally, Let us contemplate the power of God as still able to do every thing, and his love is willing to confer every good thing on those who love and trust him. Moses intercedes for Israel, but Christ intercedes in heaven for all his saints. The rock was struck and it brought forth the waters abundantly: that rock, St. Paul tells us, represented Christ who was smitten and afflicted for us, and from whose sufferings and death, on our behalf and in our stead, flow all the precious consolations which his holy Gospel contains for penitent and humble sinners. The apostle says, "he would not have us to be ignorant" of the infinite excellence of our "spiritual rock," which is Christ, or of the "spiritual streams," which are the holy instruction, and pardon, and comfort, that flow for us in the blessed Gospel, and to which we should pray his Holy Spirit to lead us, till we come to heaven the promised land of everlasting rest, where Moses and all the patriarchs, Isaiah and all the prophets, the apostles and all the saints, are found without fault before the throne, where the Redeemer himself doth lead them to fountains of living water, and God doth wipe away all tears from their eyes.—S. S. M.

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### ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

*"Thy Kingdom come."*

This is a most important petition, and can never be too often or too earnestly offered up. You are taught here to pray that the kingdom of God may come; by which is meant, First, that his kingdom of grace may prevail throughout all the world; that all the nations of the earth may be converted to the true religion, and having been renewed after the divine image, and made meet for glory, may hereafter be received into the kingdom of heaven, and made happy for ever and ever. When our blessed Saviour taught his dis-



ciples to offer up this prayer, he had but few followers ; his kingdom was confined to a small part of the world ; and his flock was then a very little one. It was foretold, however, that this " little one should become a thousand, and this small one a strong nation," Isa. lx. 22 ; and that in due time " the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and that he should reign for ever and ever," Rev. xi. 15. Whenever you offer up the petition, " thy kingdom come," you ought to pray for the accomplishment of these prophecies. You beseech God to hasten the period when he shall effectually rule in the hearts of his people by his word and Spirit, when all the ends of the earth shall fear Him, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." St. Paul says that the kingdom of God consists in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," Rom. xiv. 17. As often therefore as you pray " thy kingdom come," you pray that these blessed fruits may increase and multiply, that all holy tempers may prevail, and that all who profess the gospel may " adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

You further pray, that the kingdom of glory may come ; that the happy time may arrive, when all who have lived in the faith, and fear, and love of God upon earth, may have their perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul " in his everlasting kingdom, where is fullness of joy and where are pleasures for evermore." These are the principal things for which you pray when you offer up the petition, " thy kingdom come."

The duties which you may learn from this petition are great and numerous. First, you may learn the necessity of being *true* Christians yourselves. You must all be true members of God's kingdom of grace upon earth, if you wish to be inheritors of his kingdom of glory in heaven. " Blessed are the poor in spirit, (saith our Lord Jesus Christ) for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," Matt. v. 3. There is the first mark of the real Christian. He is poor in spirit,—he is not high-minded—he has no proud thoughts of himself ; but is deeply humble—humble inwardly and outwardly—humble in all things. Humility is justly styled the 'living of the Christian,' the dress which declares to what

Master he belongs. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me (saith our blessed Saviour) for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls," Matt. xi. 29. That he might teach us this great lesson, by an example never to be forgotten, we read of his stooping down, and washing the feet of his disciples. See this beautiful and instructive history, John xiii. 1—18; and it would be well if each of you would commit it to memory. Another mark of your belonging to Christ is "being kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." "By this (saith Christ,) shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," John xiii. 35. Nearly, therefore, does it concern you to "love one another with a pure heart fervently." Ever bear in mind that advice in your hymn;

' Let love through all your actions run,  
Let all your words be mild,  
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,  
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,  
And, as his stature grew,  
He grew in favour, both with man  
And God his Father too.'

You may also learn from this petition, "thy kingdom come," how much you are bound to do all in your power to spread the knowledge and practice of true religion in the world, and constantly to endeavour by your prayers and example that the kingdom of God may be established in the hearts and lives of all around you. But you will say, What can poor children do in this great concern? You can every one of you do a little towards promoting the glory of God, and the salvation of men; some children have done much in this way. Very lately, a gentleman visiting a poor woman who was dying, heard her son earnestly praying for her. The visitor said to the poor woman, 'your child has been praying with you; I have listened to his prayer.' 'Yes,' said she, 'he is a dear child; thank God he has been sent to a Sunday-school: I cannot read myself, but he can, and has read the Bible to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear

child has been the means of saving my soul. Oh ! how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday School.' Learn from this story the happy effects of reading the Bible to your parents, and resolve never to neglect so excellent a practice.

You have probably heard or read of Margaret Whyte, that true pattern of a Christian child, who, by her meek and humble behaviour, and her sweet and mild conversation, spread the savour of piety wherever she went, and shewed to all around her the power of divine grace on her heart and life. Her example had a wonderful effect on her young companions ; she was made the means of turning a very wicked little boy from the error of his ways, and of bringing him to the knowledge and practice of true religion, and thus saving a soul alive.

There is another example of the same kind, in the history of Hester Wilmot. This little girl, who had been reared under very careless parents, was brought to the knowledge of her God and Saviour by attending a Sunday School ; and she became so bright a pattern of every Christian grace and virtue, that God was pleased to turn the hearts of both her father and mother, and she had the unspeakable happiness of seeing them truly religious. You see then, my little friends, from these examples, what pious children can do towards spreading the influence of true religion, and advancing the kingdom of God in the world. Be persuaded to hearken to the voice of conscience which at this moment is saying to each of you, "Go and do thou likewise."

It is hoped that our Sunday Schools will send forth many a boy who will be a blessing to his parents, and many a Margaret Whyte and Hester Wilmot.

You have all the means of improvement which those children had, of whom you have now heard ;—the same scriptures—the same Sabbaths—the same Sanctifier—and the same Saviour. See then that you make the same use of these precious blessings, that you "be followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises ;" and whilst you daily pray, "thy kingdom come," take heed that you daily endeavour to advance the kingdom of God in your own hearts and lives, and in the hearts and lives of all around you.—S. S. M.



## THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF PROPRIETY OF CONDUCT TOWARDS IRRELIGIOUS PARENTS.

‘He is a most excellent young man,’ said his minister; ‘I wish every one who makes a profession of religion, were equally careful to adorn it.’

So gratifying an account excited attention; some farther enquiries were made, and the minister with evident pleasure and thankfulness, proceeded; ‘He is the eldest of a numerous family. When a lad it pleased God to bring him under the sound of the gospel, and to apply its truths with power to his heart. He became a steady, serious, consistent Christian. Unhappily his friends were of a different mind, and his religion exposed him to every kind of opposition and persecution; yet he was enabled to go steadily on. No doubt he shed many a tear in secret at the unkindness he met with, and yet more to think that friends so near and dear, should slight and despise that which he found so unspeakably valuable and delightful. Many a prayer he offered that his conduct might be blameless, and harmless, and without offence; and that his dear friends might have the eyes of their understanding enlightened, to see the excellency and beauty of true religion. It is said, (Isa. xl. 31.) “they that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint;” and so it proved in the experience of this young Christian. He was enabled meekly and patiently to endure all the opposition and unkindness he met with, and return only love and good offices. He always treated his parents with the most affectionate respect; and discharged every duty with such punctuality and good will, that however much they disliked his religion, they sought in vain for any thing else to reproach him with. (See Dan. vi. 4, 5.)

‘After some years, the father of this young man died; and now he who in a lower station had been faithful, modest, and submissive, proved himself equally capable to fill a higher and more important sphere. He has ever since managed his late father’s business with great activity, prudence, and discretion, for the support of his widowed parent, and a numerous family. I do hope,’ added the minister, ‘that s isdh

interested and exemplary conduct, has been the means of softening the hearts of his family, and doing away their prejudices. The younger children look up to him as a father, and receive his instructions with delight; and the elder branches of the family, and even the mother, are at length induced to think more favourably of religion, which, by forming him to such excellence of character, has been the means of so greatly promoting their comfort and interest; the house assumes a different aspect; religious friends who may occasionally call on this young man, are no longer treated with contempt and incivility; and he is often accompanied to the house of God by those dear relatives, from whom he has formerly experienced so much opposition and unkindness.

These facts happened to be mentioned in presence of the writer, who last month addressed to the readers of the *Sunday Scholars' Magazine* some remarks on the conduct of pious children to irreligious parents; it was too late then to add it by way of postscript, and indeed the piece was quite long enough without it; but it is now communicated as an illustration of those remarks with a sincere wish that the young reader may be disposed and enabled to "go and do likewise.—S. S. M.



### PHILADELPHIA SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

We take the following from a Southern paper. As soon as the Society's Report is received, we shall give it a further notice.

*Philadelphia, May 27.*

The annual meeting of this useful Society, was held on Tuesday evening last; in the German Church in Race street, on which occasion an interesting report was read by the Rev. Mr. Bedell, and several eloquent addresses delivered by the Rev. Doctors Green, Staughton, and Hodge. Since the last anniversary 79 new schools have been formed, containing 812 teachers, and 5,400 scholars;—making the whole number of schools now in connexion with the Union, 498, with 4,891 teachers, and 37,200 scholars.—During the

past year the Society has published 183,500 books, besides 10,000 alphabetical cards.

The report of the managers embraced a view of what is now doing, by means of Sunday Schools in foreign countries. In Great Britain there were, according to the last accounts, 5,637 schools, 50,375 teachers, and 655,542 scholars. In Ireland, 1,558 schools, 173,384 scholars, and 10,300 gratuitous teachers.—In the West Indies about 10,000 scholars.—In Newfoundland, 16 schools, containing 10,080 scholars.—In West Africa, 4,000 scholars—In South Africa, several Sunday Schools,—In Huahine, one of the Islands of the South Sea, there is a Sunday School containing 230 boys, and 120 girls, taught by *thirteen native* teachers.—In Ceylon, the Wesleyan Missionary Society reports eighty-six schools, 120 teachers, 4,166 scholars.—In India, the Rev. Mr. Ward calculates that 20,000 heathen children receive instruction, but as the Sabbath is not there generally observed, these schools cannot be called Sunday Schools. In France there are still great impediments to the extension of Sunday Schools. Some new ones, however, have been formed.—From Holland the accounts are very pleasing. The king, nobles, and principal citizens, patronize the Sunday Schools.

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#### SABBATH SCHOOL FACTS AND ANECDOTS.

We noticed in our last number the Fifth Report of the Philadelphia Sunday School Union; and from the Appendix to this Report we make the following extracts.

A woman who lived in New-Jersey, about 20 miles from the city, having been informed there were schools in Philadelphia in which persons were taught gratuitously, thought this a good opportunity to learn to read. She accordingly came to the city, procured herself a place at service, and attended this school; and in 4 months from the time she commenced, she learned to read with facility in the Testament; and having thus accomplished her object she returned home.

The Female Sabbath School of Chambersburg, Penn. notices the death of a little girl about 9 years of age. Her illness terminated in two weeks. The day before her death,



two of her Sunday School teachers visited her. Being asked if she remembered them, and the Sunday School, "O yes," she replied, "I do remember them; yes, that I do remember all about the Sunday School."—Do you think you will get well? She answered, "The Lord knows."—Are you afraid to die, Rebecca?" "O no." Being apparently in great agony, she was asked if she suffered very much? "I can't say that I suffer so much just now as I have done." What comforts you in all your pain, do you know who to look to? "O yes, I look to the Lord Jesus." We have reason to hope that her prayers were answered by Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, and who will in no wise cast out those who come unto him.

In school No. 11 there are 5 boys and 15 girls who, we have reason to believe, are convinced of sin, and are seeking deliverance from its dominion and consequences, by applying to Jesus Christ, whom we endeavour to set before them, as the Lamb of God, the heavenly physician, who alone can heal the sin-sick soul.

We have had a very pleasing circumstance in a youth of about 16 years of age, who joined the school about 18 months since only knowing her letters, but who has made such progress in learning as to make one of the reading class at our last public examination. What is more satisfactory, he is become the priest of his family, where he conducts family worship with his mothers and sisters, and the neighbours of two adjoining houses on the hill situate on the side of the Forest of Dean, where he lives. His mother, a widow, lately observed to our minister, "He, dear boy, is more than a husband to me." How would your heart be elated could you witness the evening sacrifice of prayer and praise from this little group of foresters.

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#### SABBATH BREAKING.

On Easter Sunday, in the present year, a boy was sent by his mother to attend the afternoon service, with his fellow scholars, at Hope Chapel, Hotwells, near Bristol; instead of which he accompanied some evil-disposed boys to St.

Vincent's rocks ; when, in the act of reaching after something, he lost his hold, and fell several feet down the rock, and his head coming in contact with some rough parts of the rock, his skull was dreadfully fractured. He was taken to the Bristol Infirmary, where he remained in an insensible state till the following Tuesday, when he died.

Sabbath-breakers ! Hear the warning voice of Heavenly Wisdom ;—" He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul ; all they that hate me, love death."—S. S. M.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL:

### A POEM.

BY SAMUEL WHITCHURCH.

" Hail ! to the glorious plan that spread  
The light with universal beams,  
And through the human desert led  
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams." MONTGOMERY.

The following stanzas on the Sunday School owe their existence to the *Teacher's Magazine*, in which *A Lover of Sunday Schools* offered "a premium for the best poem on the subject Sunday Schools, which shall detail the origin—progress—present condition—and the good which may be anticipated by their more general adoption, on the state of the world. As the Gentlemen appointed to decide on the merits of the Candidates have awarded the prize to me, I now comply with their wishes by publishing what they have honoured with their approbation. S. W.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### CANTO I.

Prais'd be the system that has given  
The poor man's child the book of  
    heaven,  
And unimplored and free,  
Taught lowly ranks and tribes for-  
    lorn,  
Nurtur'd in ignorance, or born  
To toil and penury.

Hail, best of plans ! that wisely kind,  
Gives eye-sight to the mental blind ;  
And with religious lore  
Imbues the mind, untaught and rude,  
And cheerless as the solitude  
Of an unpeopled shore.

Sunshine in vain and kindly show-  
    ers  
The lavish hand of nature pours,

Where neither suns nor rains  
Cause spring's delightful flowers to  
    shoot,  
Nor ripen autumn's luscious fruit  
Upon uncultur'd plains.

Yet there the noxious weeds may  
    grow,  
And danger lurk unseen below  
Mid the bewildering waste ;  
Empoisoning reptiles there may  
    swarm,  
While howling monsters spread a-  
    larm  
On every night-storm blast.

Like the drear wilderness his mind,  
Never to worship God inclin'd  
In spirit and in truth ;  
And if prolong'd to hoary age,  
How joyless that life's pilgrimage  
Not well begun in youth !

While passion rages unsubdued,  
Then shelters Error's serpent brood  
Within the prayerless breast;  
Vice triumphs there without con-  
troul;  
Its hidra hordes infest the soul,  
By knowledge never bless'd.

How stained the page of elder times  
With untaught man's enormous  
crimes!

He terror's flag unfurl'd;  
He fill'd the bloodhound ranks of  
war,  
He march'd with victor chiefs afar  
To desolate the world.

O! 'tis most painful to reflect  
What numbers perish'd through  
neglect  
Of tutorage when young;  
They never strove in thought to rise  
To God in prayerful sacrifice,  
Nor tun'd thanksgiving's tongue.

And were not such the men of old,  
The giant race in crime grown bold,  
Who slighted warnings given,  
Till burst the deluge from beneath,  
And on their heads the storm of  
death

Came pouring down from heaven?

And toil'd not such in after days,  
To heaven their Babel tower to  
raise?

Defiled not such the plains,  
In loneliness from shore to shore,  
Where still the Dead Sea stretches  
o'er  
Gomorrah's sunk remains?

And form'd not such the host of  
slaves,  
Through the Red Sea's parted  
waves

That Israel's tribes pursued;  
Who God's avenging power oppos'd,  
Till overwhelming floods inclos'd  
The death-doom'd multitude?

Such were uncounted numbers slain;  
Terrific once—in war's campaign,  
Who gain'd a dreadful name;  
Their proud exploits let history tell  
In that blood-written chronicle  
Immortaliz'd by fame.

Too oft has Truth's impartial pen  
Recorded deeds of furious men  
Inflam'd with bigot rage;  
Who shed the righteous Martyr's  
blood,  
And persecution's fiery flood  
Pour'd forth in every age.

Ruthless were such—of God un-  
taught;

Unexercis'd in holy thought—  
Such every venturous band  
In mad crusades that vainly bled  
By Christain knight or champion led  
To fight in Holy land.

'Tis melancholy back to cast  
The thought on generations past  
O'er the wide stage of life;  
How hopeless from this world they  
went;  
The soul's vast energies mispent  
In vanity or strife!

O Britain! once thy sons were rude  
As ever savage multitude,  
That prowl'd in quest of blood,  
From Erie's or Ontario's shores,  
Or where the voice incessant roars  
Of Niagara's flood.

And though the conquering Romans  
came,  
And spoilers of ignoble name;  
All found, and left thee, dark;  
For they beheld not Shiloh's day;  
No light illumed their dubious way,  
Save reason's glimmering spark.

And though the holy Saviour died,  
By Jews and Gentiles crucified,  
For the whole human race;  
His Gospel in the hands of few;  
The world's majority ne'er knew,  
Nor felt his powerful grace.

All hail, *immortal Press!* all hail!  
Thy labours drew aside the veil  
Of darkness from the mind:  
Yet were thy types to those unread,  
*Useless* as riches to the dead,  
As day light to the blind.

What though in that improving age,  
Some might peruse the Bible's page;  
And reverence God's commands;



Yet there was England's humblest  
ranks,  
Ignorant as tribes on Niger's banks;  
Untaught as Caffre bands.

Behold! when darker ages gone,  
Time's passing tide still flowing on,  
The REFORMATION brought;  
And there was waged a mighty war,  
For better cause, and holier far  
Than e'er Crusader fought.

Then Gospel truth emitted light,  
That shone through Superstition's  
night,  
On the chaotic mind;  
Midst wrathful passions yet it came,  
Still felt its love-enkindling flame  
But few among mankind.

How was the Briton's Sabbath  
spent,  
When after prayers and sacrament  
The *Book of sports* was read?  
Excus'd from church, both rich and  
poor,  
Open'd for them the playhouse door,  
And tavern haunt instead.

What time the *royal Stuart* reign'd,  
Statutes intolerant restrain'd  
The dearest rights of man;  
While like an ocean spreading  
wide  
Ungodliness, with high flood tide,  
The country overran.

And when enacted wiser laws,  
Friendly to *Toleration* cause  
In more auspicious reigns;  
The millions yet remain untaught,  
Still wander'd Ignorance, void of  
thought,  
Unmindful of his chains.

Till Christian feelings bore the rule,  
Unheard the name of *Sunday School*  
In southern Albion's land;  
In vain the poor man's child might  
look,  
Unskill'd to read—God's holy book  
He ne'er could understand.

And yet Eternal goodness pours  
On just and unjust, heaven's free  
showers,

That waters every land;  
Alike are wise and unwise fed;  
To each is giv'n their daily bread  
With an impartial hand.

The rich and poor both freely  
shar'd  
In God's kind providence and care;  
Free shines his light from heav'n;  
So, free to every tribe and clan  
Of civiliz'd and savage man  
Instruction should be given.

Eternal blessings on his head,  
Whom Christian charity first led  
To educate the poor—  
He the world's happiness pursued,  
To its unlettered multitude  
Who op'd Instruction's door.

*Revered Philanthropist!* while time  
Their honoured names who lessen  
crime,  
And bless mankind, enrols;  
All men will venerate *thy name*,  
While Sunday Schools extend thy  
fame  
From Britain to the poles.

Though graven brass may never tell,  
What duties *Raikes* perform'd so  
well,  
For man's neglected race;  
Though looking o'er his hallowed  
dust,  
No eye shall in the marble bust  
His image ever trace,

Though ne'er memorialized on  
stone,  
In tongue vernacular be known  
How he devised the plan  
To teach all uninstructed youth,  
And make the page of sacred Truth  
Plain to untutor'd man.

For him the *Sunday School* will  
raise  
Trophies of more enduring praise  
Than could the sculptor's art;  
His plan shall bless yet unborn men;  
His name as with a diamond pen,  
Be writ on every heart.

[End of Canto 1.]